Broken People 5
~OR~
Today, Fuck the 'OR.' Can you say problem resolution and Broken People.

Grab your goodies here we go. As those of you know who follow this I am at war with the VA. Until my last dying breath my holy grail is to be the biggest pain in the ass to that useless eater govt agency that is possible. Payback for all the lovely times we had together, for old times sake. Instead of as in Leo Tolstoy's, *Death of Ivan Ilych's* last dying words of, " I lived my life all wrong...' my dying words will be cheeseburgers and why did I not be a bigger pain in the ass to VA. The only state big enough to hide a fuck up that big is Texas and it still shows. That is VA – FUBAR. So, I fired those bitches and they have not heard the end of me, yet.

BTW: Leo Tolstoy was the greatest, brilliant, genius, Russian Writer that during the cold war era against all things Russian, US censorship idiots banned his stuff over politics. Go figure. Censorship is the motherfucker of four letter words to me proffered by mercenary whores that do things on or off her knees only the Deep Dark Net has the mettle to allow within its realm. You socialist bitches quit telling people what to think, read, & do. Censorship sucks sewer swill through a straw. ***Censorship sucks!*** Leo Tolstoy....read his stuff. Most all of it he wrote in the 1800's before lapsing into his Time of Ashes aka Dark Night of the Soul until death freed him as a slave from this hell. RIP, Leo, we will never forget you. Find and read his unabridged writings!

As my lifetime hero Bugs Bunny once said after someone rankled him, "I hope you know this means War.' Then whoever was fucking with him never saw it coming. Bugs was cool...he never got angry or even; Bugs was a well adjusted character not Broken People; and he taught those shit heads bugging him a lasting lesson: LEAVE ME ALONE, MAN. LIVE AND LET LIVE.... Bugs is cool!

My other hero was the *Road Runner*. Like Bugs, he was cool. Live and let live type of guy. Wile E Coyote had his head up and locked and a strong yen for S&M pain, and lots of it... Evidently Acme did not sell enough of that in a 100 gallon drum to suit him. So he fucked with RR. He never learned his lesson: that is Stupid Broken People with a masochistic bent for pain. Acme Products made a fortune off this guy; he was the epitome of Murphy's Law. If it can go wrong, it will. Except for W.E Coyote there was not an 'if' in that equation. 'Go Wrong' was his middle name. What I never understood, with all that pain, and money wasted buying Acme products, he could have eaten for a lifetime at the chicken shack and hung out at the titty bars for all the pain in the ass that anyone could ever ask for except 12 virgins. Think Acme sells them in their dildo section with the back room rubber products? Road Runner did his best to teach Mr. Wile. E. Coyote his lessons. Maybe if he and Bugs had of tag teamed this guy, he would've learned not to screw with cool, peaceful, beautiful, live and let live types. That just goes to show you, every Cracker Jack box has at least one asshole in it. Unlike hot dogs and chicken m*nuggets which are almost, exclusively lips, assholes and meat by products. That meat byproducts bugs me.... Can you say road kill? Anyhow, Road Runner is my idea of good help that one rarely finds anymore. W. E. Coyote thought so too, and kept coming back for more abuse. Much like Veterans who perpetually return to VA Hellcare – ABUSE! That is the secret to good business...keep them coming back for more that every successful hooker, aka working girl, knows by heart...keep 'em Cumming and returning for more. Whips, rubber, and pain cost extra...no credit on these items they are in big demand and big money makers...just ask VA.

So I find this 'new' 'civilian' healthcare clinic. Actually my lady friend goes there so I tried it out. First thing I noticed is that it is like VA...not good. Do not see a man in this rag except patients...really not good. The matriarchy is misandrist, which is extremely not good. On second visit I am outta here. The 'she' doctor is afraid of her shadow and probably those three holes on her bottom that confuse women so badly. She wants to record my visit and gives me this shit that it is to 'flesh out her reports' at days end. Yo, 'token doc,' do you think that the stork dropped me off with a load of dirty diapers this morning. You sure act like you were just born today. The law is if you do that no patient permission is needed. When you ask for my blessings it is to keep that recording for shoving up my ass at sometime hence. It also tells me you are in trouble: MALPRACTICE trouble. FUBAR & NOT GOOD. MALPRACTICE SOMEWHERE ELSE NOT ON MY ASS!! I COULD'VE GOTTEN THAT AT THE VA. No, not no, but hell no, get my drift. She is a flake and Broken People. I call those people **CUNTS** which is acronym for Broken People who **C**annot **U**nderstand **N**ormal **T**hinking and has noting to do with those three confusing holes at the end of every upright, **normal**, human, female. That is you; Ms. Md., but the 'normal' verbiage in my last statement is seriously in doubt. The list of peccadilloes is long so making a long post short I will not list them. In sum, SHE IS A SOCIALIST, MEDICAL SCHOOL, TOKEN, MD, FLAKE & FUBAR. Just think that some good doctor is out there without a job because of her. Fucking Socialists. However, they will need armies of that type medical provider for the up-coming NHS! The best doctors will remain in the high paying private system that only rich people can afford. Fuck up there and next time you see that person s/he is down deep in the S&M guest star district in the grotto sections of Deep Dark Net. You do not fuck over rich people like they are proles but once. They fix that problem permanently. If the fuck up is bad enough...remember mystery meat in hot dogs... Meet mystery meat and meat by products. Skanks go to the dog and cat food section of the meat factory the rest in with lips & assholes of the hot dog line. Again, for you one celled brained Americans, get it together before repeating Sweden's mistakes or all of you will be eating dog and cat food and road kill meat byproducts after first BBQ'ing your pets and anything else that is dumb enough to stand still long enough that you can catch.

Hey, god, Old Man, is this clinic the VA dressed in drag? Sure looks like it, stinks like it and I don't do those nasty things anymore as a taste test....but this is another version of VA...LUCKY, FUCKING, ME. In my wilder days after the puberty witches curse bit me, and before I swore off women, I learned that all women look about the same, act about the same, smell about the same, taste about the same...**that one was an eye opener...**I stuck my face where and sucked what? WAS I NUTS? NO, JUST DRUNK. Those things are ugly, especially when the carpet is out at the cleaners. That is why in the dark all cats are gray and invisible. I need help, lots of help! Cootie doctor I need help, now and a shot of Breyl Cream antibiotic just for good measure. Those things are contagious you know. However, no two women act exactly alike. Like mass produced, identical, computers no two run the same. Amazing the damned things work at all; same goes for women. As an aside, if you folks knew how an airplane is built and how it flies, none of you would ever set foot on another one ever again. Fuck no! I will walk with two feet firmly on the mother earth.

So I am back to doctor shopping when Covid decides to be a horses ass and freezes the world proper. You NWO assholes sure picked a bad time to play Gore's hoax game for fun and profits. You Pricks!!

Again, hey Old Man, you on the rag or what?

So I am stuck there only because I need a note from her to give the druggist for maintenance meds. Each visit she flakes more.... Finally I lock horns with the office manager aka Mrs. Hitler. In sum, fireworks and precursor to WW3. I contact her boss...not those piss ant patient advocate bitches with a broom and big carpet under which she sweeps every thing so the top guys never figure out what is sabotaging their perks, stock options and the company's profit/loss ledger constantly bleeding red ink like that time of the month that bleeds red each 30 days in the ladies section of this hell hole, from the largest of those three confusing holes located on her bottom. SURPRISE ladies that is where the mess leaks from.....my ass you knew about that...all you knew was to plug the leak and hope it stops before needing a blood transfusion. Now you know for sure...

As an aside, for those of you who do not know corporate structures The Board of Directors hires and fires entire hospitals during lunch. Get my drift...no small change here; I am dying and go for broke. A man with nothing to lose is FREE! That scares the shit out of these naked monkeys, big time. Those folks in the Middle East have their game plan down pat. Note: they do not want 12 virgins in heaven. That bullshit is for pussy brained Americans and a big seller these days. Only Americans are stupid enough to buy the 12 virgin pain in the ass, sales pitch; but, hey Americans will buy anything...get my drift. I speak corporate lingo: profits and losses. That is a no brainier.... and tells ya a lot about corporate boards and CEO's. Most of them are being led or dragged around by their tails aka 'assets' by corporate toadies or jackasses. Their only perspective is facing the rear while watching the dust of where the company has been blowing in their faces. Mostly none notice; s/he is too stoned out and lost in outer space to notice. Launched from Corporate, Space Center Limo from too much 'blow' first thing in the morning on the way to corporate HQ ivory towers. I am not talking about his pecker and Ms. Lips playing the organ, either. He could've gotten that without leaving home. No the white line that blows up from Peruvian dope lords that own everything! Just ask Oliver North and CIA's # 1 man Noriega.

Successful corporations know to position these CEO and Board Director birds out front...as point men, and then tell them to keep their fucking mouths shut. That way our employees will never know your are a moron – got it? Memorize: 'Keep Fucking Mouth Shut' we will tell you when & what to say on the teleprompter or ear buds when in public. Your handlers will fill in details. **Employees never know the top of the corporate tree is full of bananas.** So they follow fearless leader largely out of their volition that the company works, sometimes. Meanwhile the toadies run things into the ground.

In sum on my way out, the corporate board got this from me... Yo, corporate directors. Free consultation no fee this time, pro bono. Get rid of the toadies.....if they want to pull something, send them home to pull their puds or put them in sanitation pulling a broom & mop... Do your job. Lead the company. I gave you the abstract above, oldest trick in the book: fake it till you make it, keep your mouth shut until your handlers explain exactly what to do next and follow the teleprompter and spoken words in your ears buds exactly. With 10,000 shareholders screaming blood, yours, this is not the time to wax philosophically or pitch election tips for the next national fraud and political party every 4 years. That is why the elected looters party with full pockets and cheering that we fucked the morons again. Don't want that to become common knowledge, however. If we lose that con and our owners find out that they can sell this bull shit directly to the public, on late night marketing TV, without our mid-level cost plus markup, then we have to go to work. Fuck, we got a good con here almost as lucrative as The Joseph & Mary families and their jesus franchise, so do not ruin a good swindle. Do exactly as instructed, keep mouth shut, look important and leave the scene.

US Presidents have been getting away like that and surviving since the French Revolution. You know, Louie, and let them eat cake Marie....they lost their heads and did not follow handler instructions. Their worthless carcasses went to the mass grave and their heads are still staked at the palace gates. Mostly as a reminder to French Parliament of those good old days.....

Every corporation, even deadbeat VA has only two thoughts on their one-celled-brains...not sure about 'brains' but I am at a loss for want of a better word. All they want is profits earned, stolen, selling their wives, mothers, sisters and brothers into hard core human bondage – profits is profits. In the dark all cats are gray. They all greatly fear losses...red ink. Women in the workplace remind them of that red ink, which terrorizes them greatly. It keeps them awake after snorting too much blow and drinking a quart of Black Velvet all afternoon while playing with themselves under that 10-acre desk the bitches hide behind. That is safe sex for them; safer than the suit when he knocks up his secretary in an Ooops! He, "I thought you were on the pill.' She, 'I forgot, Ooops!' Dude, when you hired her it was not her head you were looking at... you did not hire her for brains...what did you expect. But I'll tell ya, she can spell Paternity suit, sex discrimination and early retirement as the secretary who now owns more of your ass than you do, and the beachfront property and villa in the Bahamas and an even larger chunk of your stock options. Pussy bites hard and 'Boom-Boom love you long time, as the Vietnamese working girls would say: "Boom-Boom love you long time, GI," except to American working girls it has a brand new meaning in your life: she owns you Mr. Director. That Clap Napalm dripping from the end of your dick as gift from Vietnamese working girls reminds one of **long time, too**. That shit hurts a long time even after the shot in the ass. Except that **long time** from your new partner and co-owner is a pain in the ass forever. Clap has a cure...not so for your new silent partner. Oops is costly. Pussy bites hard and loves you long time, as it were. That is fucking red ink! So Mr. Director play with self until hiring a well experienced, congressional pageboy to do your dirty work. References only, Yo, Ted Kennedy, do you know of..... get my drift. They don't tell, don't swell, or bleed and fit well under that 10 acre desk without cramping his style. If he is ambitious, more than one with a lunch cart fits under there too.

Back to my complaint.

Dear Mr. Director, if I smell damages from Ms. Hitler, aka 'Ms. Clinic bitch of the day,' you can count on more trouble from my lawyers than when the woodpeckers got loose on Noah's Arc! For those of you not familiar with woodpeckers they punch holes in wood, lots of holes. Their entire life's purpose is to do that and woodpeckers are very good at their jobs unlike fucked up VA and the wannabes at this clinic.

Anyway, Noah had his problems let me tell ya. "**Red Alert**, woodpeckers on the loose, again. Have those goddamned monkeys been fiddling around with the cages again. Get the darts, nets and grab those fucking birds. We are in the middle of nowhere; with more water than is supposed to exist and this leaky tub is made of wood, a woodpecker's all time favorite food – wood! Leaky boats with holes in them sink. Just ask the Navy. I cannot swim and like the Titanic we do not have enough lifesavers or lifeboats. Numb-nuts from military surplus & supply sent me 10,000 cases of lifesaver candy not life buoys. Goddammit it is so hard to find good help these days! I swear if I get through this, I'm done, that is it, god, find another idiot to do your dirty shit and don't even look at me about clearing out the bottom of this boat. Get the Navy to do it. Give them something else to do than ride those skanky Waves, each other and jacking off to mommy. Someone, nab and lock up those birds, please...find something else for those goddamned monkeys to play with! Teach them about jacking off, for christ sakes....nab those birds, NOW!!! Fucking, lucky me,' says Noah. "Mother Mary told me

there would be days like this but that bitch must've been in bed with Prince Valium missing this doozy. At least the numb nuts in military supply sent enough aspirins for today...as Noah perpetually mutters to him that 'this too shall pass...goddamned, trouble making monkeys' while looking for the trap nets.

'Someone get those useless, fat ass, daughters-in-law of mine down here to clean up this mess or I will hand her a case of lifesavers, toss her fat ass overboard and forget to scream 'woman overboard.' Oyez Via, fucking me, woe is me." moans Noah. Note: 'I am not good at Yiddish or Jewish, BTW. "Yo, god, Old Man, dude, hey I could use some real help down here....say wha? Character, this is a character building exercise? You picked a fine fucking time to play jokes. God, get some better jokes. Are you crazy?! Kiss my fucking ass. Save that shit for the Americans and their self-help junkies! Those fools pay good money for that shit; are you are blowing holy smoke up my holy asshole...I need real fucking help. CAN YOU SAY WATER? TOO FUCKING MUCH WATER, A LEAKY, WOODEN BOAT, FILLED BEYOND LEGAL CAPACITY AND STONER WOODPECKERS BUZZING ON SUGAR & CAFFEINE, ON THE LOOSE – HELP!? WHO IN HELL WOULD'VE THOUGHT STARBUCKS WOULD BE IN A HOLE THIS SIZE AND THOSE PESKY WOODPECKERS TANKED UP THERE FIRST THING THIS MORNING! GODDAMNED FRANCHISES! AND THEY ARE LOOSE – SOMEONE, GRAB THOSE BIRDS!

Hey Old Man, what is with you? It is either too much water or sand? All on or off...sounds to me like bipolar in the singular realms.... You need help and better drugs. They say down here there is a wrench to fit every nut....yeah. That's one size fits all for ya. Yo, god, I think there was a wrench to fit your nutty ass down in the tool box...come and get it, I need help! Dude, this is no laughing matter! The only thing on my mind is too much fucking water and a leaky tub and stoner woodpeckers that are on the waters side – HELP!

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ **- SILENCE, THE 'BAT PHONE TO HEAVEN GOES SILENT...**

YOU PRICK, YOU PRICK, GOD HUNG UP ON ME, YOU PRICK. I SWEAR IF I GET OUT OF THIS YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR **SINS**, GODDAMMIT. I KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE AND THERE ARE 12 VIRGINS LOCKED AWAY DOWN IN THE BILGE RESERVED FOR EMERGENCIES AND PRICKS LIKE YOU. THAT WAS YOUR IDEA BTW...YOU SAID GET TWO OF EACH - EXCEPT VIRGINS ONLY COME IN A 12 PACK AND MULTIPLES OF THAT IN ECONOMY SIZE. WHO THE FUCK THOUGHT UP ECONOMY SIZE IN VIR....FUCKING LUCIFER, YOU TROUBLE MAKING PRICK...YOU AGAIN AND YOUR FAUSTIAN BRIGHT IDEAS. I AM FUBARED FROM ALL SIDES: MONKEYS, SATAN, GOD AND GODDAMNED STONER WOOD PECKERS, AND NOW ECONOMY SIZE VIRGINS. LUCIFER YOU PRICK, WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON? YOU ACT LIKE THOSE DIPSHIT AMERICANS SELLING OUT THEIR POLICE, MILITARY, & VETERANS....

CATCH THOSE BIRDS NOW!

So Noah had his problems, big time, don't we all?

LUCIFER YOU PRICK...ECONOMY SIZE VIRGINS?...YOU SADIST BITCH.

QUIT PLAYING WITH YOUR DICK AND GET YOUR ASS IN HERE, NOW.

THIS IS YOUR GAME AGAIN

I'M GONE.

HELLO, CRACKERBOX PALACE, SAVE A RUBBER ROOM AND THORAZINE DRIP FOR MY BABBLING ASS....